REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Lesson Learned From the Story of Ehud."

TEXT: "But when the children of Israei cried unto the Lord the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud, the son of Gera, a Benja ite, a man left handed."-Judges iii., 15.

Ehud was a ruler in Israel. He was left handed, and what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were in it 700 left handed men, and yet so dexterous had they all become in the use of the left hand that the Bible says they could sling stones at a hair's breadth and not miss

Well, there was a king of the name of Eglon who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came, pretending that he was going to pay the tax, and asked to see King Eglon. He was told he was in the summer house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer house was a place surrounded by flowers and trees and springing fountains and warbling birds

Ehud entered the summer house and said to King Eglon that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waved out of the royal presence. King Eglon rises up to receive the messenger. Ehud, the left handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger and thrusts Eglon through until the haft went in after the blade. Eglon falls. Ehud comes forth to blow a trumpet of recruit amid the mountains of Ephraim, and a great host is marshaled, and proud Moab submits to the conqueror, and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all Thy enemies perish! So, O Lord, let all Thy friends triumph !

I learn first from this subject the power of left handed men. There are some men who by physical organization have as much strength in their left hand as in their right hand, but there is something in the writing of this text which implies that Ehud had some defect in his right hand which compelled him to use the left. Oh, the power of left handed men ! Genius is often self observant, careful of itself, not given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement, while many a man with no natural endow-ments, actually defective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for the right, a patient industry, an all consuming perseverance which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left handed as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Eglon.

I have seen men of wealth gathering about them all their treasures, snuffing at the cause world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazarus off their doorstep, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to hound him off their premises, catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, frog-inhabited pool of their own selfishness -right-handed men, worse than usel while many a man with large heart and little purse has out of his limited means made poverty leap for joy and started an influence that overspans the grave and will swing round and round the throne of God, world without end, amen

Ah, me, it is high time that you left handed men who have been longing for this gift and that eloquence and the other man's wealth should take your left hand out of your pocket. Who made all these railroads? Whoset up all these cities? Who started all these churches and schools and asylums? Who has done all the tugging and running and pulling? Men of no wonderful endowments, thousands of them acknowledging themselves to be left handed, and yet they were earnest, and yet they were determined, and yet they were triumphant.

But I do not suppose that Ehud the first time he took a sling in his hand could throw a stone a hair's breadth and not miss. a stone a hair's oregain and not miss. I suppose it was practice that gave him the wonderful dexterity. Go forth to your spheres of duty and be not discouraged if in your first attempts you miss the mark. Ehud missed it. Take another stone, put it carefully into the sling, swing it around your head, take better aim, and the next time you will strike the center. The first time that a mason rings his trowel upon the brick he does not expect to put up a perfect wall. The first time a carpenter sends a plane over a board or drives a bit through a beam he not expect to make perfect execution The first time a boy attempts a rhyme he does not expect to chime a "Lalla Rookh" or a "Lady of the Lake." Do not be surprised if in your first efforts at doing good you are not very largely successful. Undernd that usefulness is an art, a science, a trade There was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said : "How easily you do that. It doesn't seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah." said the old ocu-list, "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hat-ful of eyes to learn that." Be not surprised if it takes some practice before we can help men to moral eyesight and bring them to a vision of the cross. Left handed men to the work! Take the gospel for a sling and faith and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook, take sure aim, God direct the weapon, and great Gollaths will tumble be-I learn also from this subject the danger of worldly elevation. This Eglon was what the world called a great man. There were hundreds of men who would have considered it the greatest honor of their life just to have him speak to them. Yet, although he is so high up in worldly position, he is not beyond the reach of Ehud's dagger. I see a great many people trying to elimb up in social position, having an idea that there is a safe place somewhere far above, not knowing that the mountain of targe has a ton like Mount the mountain of fame has a top like Mount Blanc, covered with perpetual snow. We laugh at the children of Shinar for trying to build a tower that could reach to the heavens, but I think if our eyesight were only good enough we could see a Babel in many a dooryard. Oh, the struggle is fleree! It is store against store, house against house, street against street. Nation against Nation. The goal for which men are run-ning is chairs and chandeliers and mirrors and houses and lands and presidential equip-ments. If they get what they anticipate, what have they got? Men are not safe from calumny while they live, and, worse than that, they are not safe after they are dead, for L hey are not safe after they are dead, for I have seen swine root up graveyards. One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb up into sycamore trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on the shoulders of the people there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. To-morrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before ery: "Down with the traitor! Down with him !" Belshazzar sits at the feast, the mighty men of Babylon sitting all around him. Wit sparkles like the wine and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandellers; the chandellers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night air; the voice of revelry floats out. Amid wreaths and tapestry and folded ban-ners a finger writes. The march of a host is beard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is richer hued than the wine on the table. The kingdom has departed. Belshazzar was no worse perhaps than hun-Belshazzar was no worse perhaps than hun-dreds of people in Babyion, but his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in! It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainments," but this thing may be said of you and me, "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christian, a friend of Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all enlogiums. highest of all eulogiums.

1 learn further from this subject that death omes to the summer house. Eglon did not comes to the summer house. Eglon did not expect to die in that fine place. Amid all the flower leaves that drifted like snow into the window; in the tinkle and dash of the fountains ; in the sound of a thousand leaves fluttering on one tree branch ; in the cool breeze that came up to shake feverish trouble out of the king's locks, there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died! In the winter, when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality, but when the weather is pleasant and all our surroundings are agreeable how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet my text teaches that death does sometimes come to the summer house

He is blind and cannot see the leaves. He is deaf and cannot hear the fountains. Oh. if death would ask us for victims, we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at that little child cold and sick and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intoxicated staggering around its straw bed. Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Before these little feet stumble on life's pathway give them rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The com-panions of his youth are all gone, his chil-dren dead. He longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Tail He Take from him the staff and give him the sceptre ! Up with him into the light, where eyes never grow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity Ab, death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed and from the aged man ready for the skies and comes to the summer house.

What doest thou here, thou bony, ghastly monster, amid this waving grass and under this sunlight sifting through the tree branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go and their locks toss in the wind! Father and mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their glee. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and carry of a lamb. Meanwhile an old archer stands look-Ing through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group—he is a sure marksman—the bow bends, the arrow speeds i Hush, now! The quick feet have stopped, and the locks toss no more in the wind. Laughter has gone out of the hall. Death in the summer house !

Here is a father in midlife. His coming ome at night is the signal for mirth. The children rush to the door, and there are books on the evening stand, and the hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing want-ing in that home. Religion is there and sacrifices on the altar morning and night. You look in that household and say : "I cannot think of anything happier. I do not really believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to be." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The deathwatch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The children whisper and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over. Death in the summer house.

Here is an aged mother-aged, but not in-firm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet. As she goes from house to house, to children and grandchildren, her coming is a dropping of sunlight in the dwelling. Your children see her coming through the lane, and they cry, "Grandmother's come!" Care for you has marked up her face with many a deep wrinkle, and her back stoops with car-rying your burdens. Some days she is very quiet. She says she is not sick, but something tells you you will not much longer have mother. She will sit with you no longer at the table nor at the ing for her wants a good while yet. As she goes from house to house, to children and sit with you no longer at the table nor at the hearth. Her soul goes out so gently you do not exactly know the moment of its going. Fold the hands that have done to many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has beat with love for you since before you were born. Let the pilgrim rest. She is weary. Death in the summer house !

Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury, when the pale messenger comes he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in, nor entering ait to examine th gathered on the wall, or bending over your pillow he does not stop to see whether there is a color in the check, or gentleness in the eye, or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead, No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead and then they open the cages, and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead all bright thoughts and congratulations and bid them think of victory and redemption. I stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and glory of heaven The ancients used to think that the straits The intering the Red sea were very dangerous places, as they supposed that every ship that went through those straits would be de-stroyed, and they were in the habit of put-ting on weeds of mourning for those who ing on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage, as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those straits? They call them the "Gate of Tears." Oh, I stand to-day at the gate of tears through which many of your loved ones have gone, and I want to tell you that all are not shipwrecked that have gone through those straits into the great ocean stretching out beyond. The sound that comes from that other shore on still nights when we are wrapped in prayer makes me think that the departed are not dead. We are the dead-we who are not dead. We are the dead-we who toil, we who weep, we who sin-we are the dead. How my heart aches for human sor-row! This sound of breaking hearts that I hear all about me! This last look of faces that will never brighten again! This last kiss of lips that never will speak again! This widowhood and orphanage! Oh, when will the day of sorrow be gone? After the sharpest winter the spring dis-mounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its paim there comes the grass, and there come the flowers, and God reads over the poetry of bird and brook and bloom and poerry of bird and brook and bloom and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter? If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent work left behind it and as the whotey will up track left behind it, and as the waters roll up they toss with unimaginable splendor. Well, across this great ocean of human trouble

THE NATIONAL GAME.

THE Boston infield is now the strongest in he League.

BALTIMORE has one of the best throwing outfields in the League.

THE Bostons have made fewer sacrifice nits than any other team in the League.

SENATOR GORMAN has joined the "rooters" of O'Rourke's bund of Washington sluggers.

Ir would be hard to find an infield that more earnestly than the St. Louis quartet.

THE young St. Louis catcher, Peitz, is oing as good work as any catcher in the League.

THE ex-king pitcher, Guy Hecker, is now operating a little independent club at Oil City, Penn.

Just bear in mind that the third baseman and short stop have to bear the brunt of the infield work this year.

It is the height of all New England bred layers' ambition to some day be a member of the Boston League team.

WARD, Connor and Davis, of the New Yorks, bat right-handed every time they face a left-handed pitcher and do quite well.

"JACK" NELSON, of old Atlantic and Metropolitan fame, is playing a very good game of ball, though he is forty-four years of age.

LANG, Chicago's big second baseman, is too awkward on the field to ever become as proficient as his predecessor in the position -Fred. Pfeffer.

Tuz Philadelphia team now contains more left-handed batsmen than any other in the League-five, all told, when Clements and Reilly are playing.

Lows is playing second base better than any man has played it for the Boston Club since the days that prince of second basemen, John Burdock.

NEVER before in the history of baseball was the general public more deeply inter-ested in the affairs of the green diamond field than it is to-day.

THE demand for pitchers is very great the League, and there will be every effort to recruit from the college ranks as soon as the ollege season is over.

LELT-HANDED pitchers are no longer in demand in the big League. Never have there been fewer "southpaws" employed in a major League than now.

Boston, New York-in fact every club in the League, except St. Louis, Cleveland and Brooklyn-are wildly scouring the country for "winning" pitchers, and thus far their chase has been in vain.

STEIN's pitching is the sensation of the season. The Brooklyn pitcher's record has never been excelled in the same number of games. It is more remarkable on account of the increased pitching distance.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OLNEY is the only member of Cleveland's Cabinet who has shown himself to be a "baseball crank." He is sometimes seen at the Washington baseball park taking in the game from an obscure corner of the grand stand.

CAPTAIN QUINN, of St. Louis, says that as a result of the increased pitching distance the batsmen who have been putting their hits to right field now make it lively for the third The batsman under the new rule offers at the ball a moment later, and the force of the swing turns him around, thus resulting in the ball being driven down to third base.

Tax dearth of pitchers is not caused by the increased pitching distance, but by un-natural strains. He is compelled by the rules of the game to pitch with might and main from 125 to 175 balls during a period of time ranging from one hour and a half to two hours, overstraining the cords and muscles of his shoulder which soon results in his being landed "on the bench."

RECORD OF THE LEAGUE CLUES.

Baltimore.19 17 .528 Louisville. 4 22

Queer Facts About Money.

There are 119,900,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except that once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,500,-000 bronze two-cent pieces were set afloat. Three millions of them are still outstanding. Three million threecent nickel pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely. that one is seen.

Of 800,000 half cents, which correspoud in value to English farthings, not one has been returned to the Goverrment for recoinage or is held by Spectator. the Treasury. Congress appropriates from \$100,000 to \$150,000 yearly for recoining the uncurrent silver coins now in possession of the Treasury. These are mostly half dollars, and are not circulated, because there is no demand for them.

Not long ago the stock of them amounted to \$26,000,000, but it is only about half that now. The money set aside for recoining is not intended to pay for the cost of minting, but is required to reimburse the Treasurer of the United States on account of the loss of weight which silver pieces have suffered by abrasion. The loss amounts to \$30 on every \$1000, and it has to be made good in order to set the Treasurer's accounts straight. - Boston Transcript.

The Origin of "William,"

The name "William" was not originally bestowed upon children; it was a title conferred upon warriors as a reward of merit.

When the ancient Germans fought with the Romans the former were armed only with light weapons, such as swords, spears, shields, etc. The Romans, being born warriors, knew the use of arms, and always appeared on the field as walking arsenals.

If a German killed one of these wellarmed Romans and captured his metal helmet, usually a gilded headpiece of much magnificence, the commander of the German troops would order the helmet to be set upon the head of the brave man who had slain the original owner.

Ever since this event the German hero was known as "Gildhelme." The French knew him as "Guildhoaume, and afterwards as "Guillame." Finally the French "Guillame" became "Wulllame," and soon evoluted into "William."-New York Dispatch.

Inventors of anything made of wood assisted financially or otherwise to patent or place on market. Wm. Mattison, Box 3179, New York. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thomp-son's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Timidity of Elephants.

A big elephant which was employed to drag away the carcass of a dead bullock and had allowed the burden to be attached by ropes without observing what it was, happened to look around and instantly bolted, its fright increasing every moment as the unknown object jumped and bumped at its heels. After running some miles, like a dog with a tin can tied to its tail, the ele-

phant stopped and allowed itself to be turned around, and drew the bullock turned around, and drew the bullock Why so hoarse? Use Hatch's Universal back again without protest.—London Couga Syrup, 25 cents at druggists.

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity.

without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Impaired digestion cured by Beecham's Pills. Beecham's-no others. 25 cents a box

Buy stock in the Bassick Gold Mine. See adv.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

"Cleanliness is Nae Pride, Dirt's Nae Honosty." Common Sence Dictates the Use of SAPOL



To Cleanse the System

Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosphorescent track # His feet we might all follow and be

There was a gentleman in the rail car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylong to waste away perhaps through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars joited the chains ratifed. On hic face were crime, depravity and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been con-demned. There was the third passenger un-der far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a matriage bell. Life gittered and beexoned. Her com-panion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks anowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kis.

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life con-demned culprits. They refused a pardon; they earry their chains. Oh, may it be with us that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Him forever. That will be a mariage banquet. Father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

FIVE PERISH BY FIRE.

Tenants Wake From Sleep to Find Escape Cut Off.

Five persons were killed at a fire that began just about midnight in the five-story flat house at 138 East Forty-third street, New York City. They were: William Bente, a stenographer : Mrs. Bente, his wife ; Elsie Bente, his sister, aged twenty, who was on a visit to him; Helen Wetmore Dietz, his niece; Pugh, a young man who had a hall bedroom on the top floor. All these were on the top floor when the fire was discovered. All the flats in the house

were occupied except the third, and there the fire began. It was up through the roof in a minute by means of the stairway, and was illuminating the neighborhood, The fire was easily controlled, but before

it was under control and within ten minutes from their arrival the firemen had long ladders up to the fa nt widows of the five-story building, and were beginning a search. It was nearly 1 30 o'clock in the morning that they found the five bodies.

M'KINLEY RENOMINATED.

No Other Name Presented in the Ohio Republican Convention.

In the Republican State Convention at Columbus Governor McKinley's name was presented by Colonel Bob Nevins, of Dayton, and seconded by Senator J. W. Nichols, of Belmont.

There was were no other nominations, and the Governor was declared renominated amid a scene of enthusiasm.

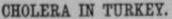
A committee brought the Governor into the hall, where he was cheered for several moments. He then addressed the Convention, accepting the nomination.

All the present State officers were then un-nimously renominated.

PICNIC PARTY DROWNED.

They Were Upset From Their Car riage Into a Deep Spring.

A despatch from Springvalley, Minn., says that at a pienic party at Kummere Springs, about six miles northeast of that place, Luther Turner, Otho Stevens and daughter and Mrs. Morrow got into Mr. Turner's carriage, went to the Spring for water and in going had to drive along the side of the Spring, which is very large, descending suddenly right from the water's edge. In some way the team became frightened, jumping off the bank and upsetting all into the water, drown ing them and the team.



Thousands of People Dying on the Lower Tigris.

Reports from several cities of Asiatic Turkey say that the cholera has appeared in many districts and is spreading rapidly. many districts and is spreading rapidly. Along the Lower Tigris and the Shat-el-Arab River people are dying by thousands. Whole villages have been destroyed by those flowing from the pest. The panic has become so great that few families wait to bury their dead or even to nurse their sick, but flee to the next town to escape the infection. Over 70,000 persons have fled from Bassora prov-tions above.